

Cleveland, Ohio, Sept. 18, 1847.

My Dear Wife:

The bitter with the sweet — the thorn with the rose. Here I am — on my back; of course, "looking up," literally. I came to this place just a week ago, (with Douglass,) to complete my mission to Ohio, expecting to leave for Buffalo on Monday. Our first meeting was held in the large Advent Chapel, and was densely crowded, hundreds not being able to gain admittance. Sunday forenoon, we held another crowded meeting in the same place; in the afternoon, to accommodate the throng, we went into a pleasant grove, where we addressed a large auditory. The effect produced at all these meetings seemed to be excellent. Unfortunately for me, the atmosphere in the grove was damp, and it sprinkled occasionally during the meeting — the clouds being very dark and lowering. But this, in itself, was a very trifling circumstance. My labors, for the last four weeks, had been excessive — in severity, far exceeding any thing in my experience. Too much work was laid out for both Douglass and myself, to be completed in so short a time; yet it was not doubt that our Ohio friends should wish to "make the most of us," whilst we were in their hands. Sunday night was a very restless one to me, and on Monday morning I arose, feeling as if my labors in Western New-York must be dispensed with. My brain was

terribly oppressed, and highly inflamed — my system full of pain — my tongue began to give symptoms of a fever, that might be more or less protracted — and I felt indescribably wretched. In an hour, as it were, I was a crushed man — helpless as an infant. During the day, I went to the bed to which I am still confined. Thinking a Lobelia emetic would relieve my stomach, and possibly my head, I took one. It operated very gently, but nothing particularly offensive was ejected. In the evening, ~~feeling~~ ^{feeling} it would be imprudent longer to tamper with so determined a foe, I sent for Dr. Williams, a skillful homoeopathic physician, and gave myself unreservedly to his care. My case he soon ascertained to be that of a bilious, intermittent type, with a tendency to typhoid. Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, were days of great restlessness, distress and anxiety; the fever was upon me in its strength; not a moment's sleep could I realize, day or night. It reminded me of my scarlatina sickness, though it was not quite so dreadful as that. Yesterday, I began to feel better, and have since been improving up to the present hour. I am now decidedly convalescent, though still exceedingly weak, as a matter of course. In the course of another week, I expect to be so far recovered as to leave for home. Eight hundred miles is the distance which separates ^{us} — 200 by steam across Lake Erie, and 600 miles by rail-road from Buffalo to Boston. This would be formidable indeed, without the

power of steam. Now, my dear, I have given you the worst of the cases, that you may have no scope left for the imagination. Possibly, you may see the following paragraph, which appeared (very imprudently indeed) yesterday in the True Democrat:-

"Mr. Garrison was so unwell as to be unable to proceed to Buffalo with his friends on Monday last. He is now at Mr. Jones's, quite low with the bilious fever. Visitors are prohibited by his physician from calling upon him."

It is true, that, for a day or two, (so numerous were the calls upon me,) Dr. Williams forbade visitors coming to my room, but this was only a wise injunction. As my case is long known, it naturally brings in many persons, both from the city and neighboring villages, to make inquiries after my health. Benjamin and J. Elizabeth Jones, of Tuleen, have been to see me; so has a sister of T. S. Foster, who is residing here. George Broadbent is a daily visitor at my bedside. Every body is kindly offering me all needed assistance. Fortunately, I am in one of the best families in the world, and have every thing done for me, by day and by night, that you ^{could} desire. I miss nothing, need nothing, but your dear presence, and that of the darling children. God preserve you all from harm. A thousand kisses for them - as many for you - on my return. Should you have written to me at Syracuse, I shall get the letter, as I intend to spend a day with dear S. J. May. Douglass left here on Tuesday noon.

Your improving husband, Wm Lloyd Garrison.

Patton - Cleveland, Sept. 18, 1847

Helen Eliza Garrison,
Care of Wm. Lloyd Garrison,
Anti-Slavery Office, 21 Cornhill,
Boston, Mass.

Please forward as swiftly as possible.
Important.

